

MIXED HIS BORROWED PLUMES

AND SAILED FROM GOVERNORS ISLAND TO FREEDOM.

William Breeches, Tuxedo, Red Tie and High Hat Requisitioned by Blue Bell's Prisoner for a Trip to Town. Scented Wondered, but Passed Him.

A prisoner who was serving a sentence in Castle Williams escaped from Governors Island on Sunday evening disguised as a gentleman in a tuxedo, red tie and high hat, and sailed for New York City. The escape was made under the weather. The ease with which he got away was due principally to the fact that most of the soldiers now stationed at the post have been there only a few days. But the rig he wore was of such an astonishing character that the officers of the garrison can't for the life of them understand why he was not detained as a "suspicious person" either at the wharf or on the boat which carried him to New York.

The prisoner was Private Frank Reese, and he had been sentenced to a year's confinement for desertion. He was in all respects a model prisoner, so he had become a "trustee," that is, he was trusted to do odd jobs about the island and was not kept as strictly confined as most prisoners. Among those who were impressed by his good behavior was Capt. Horton of the Eighth Infantry, the quartermaster at the island. Capt. Horton took a great fancy to Reese and showed in many ways that he put the utmost confidence in him.

Not only was the "trustee's" behavior excellent, but he was so mild mannered and obedient at all times that no one at the post ever dreamed that he was watching for an opportunity to escape, particularly as his sentence would expire in a few months.

When the Eighth Infantry went last week to Manassas to take part in the army maneuvers on that historic battlefield, they were relieved by the Fifty-first Company of Coast Artillery from Fort Hamilton and the Fifty-sixth Company from Fort Wadsworth. Capt. Horton did not join his company at Manassas until Saturday. When he went away he gave the key of the back door of his house to his favorite "trustee" with instructions to him to keep his eye on the place.

On Sunday afternoon Reese entered the captain's house. In his own shape he was seen no more by anyone on the island. But at dusk a strange figure emerged from the back door of the house and walked leisurely toward the ferry landing. As the figure passed along whistling "Good-by, My Blue Bell" there were many who stared at it in surprise, but none offered to stop the man or question him about his odd costume.

He wore a silk hat, a Tuxedo coat, an evening shirt with wide expensive collar, a high collar, a flowing necktie and riding breeches that were several sizes too large for him.

On reaching the wharf he took off his high hat and mopped his brow with a fine white handkerchief. The boat had not come in, and while waiting for her arrival he sauntered about, apparently unconscious of the attention he was attracting.

The sentry on duty at the wharf, one of the new companies and did not recognize the "trustee" Reese in the freakishly dressed individual who seemed to be bound for dinner in the city. There was a crowd waiting to take the boat, composed mostly of visitors. The costume of the man in the high hat attracted the eyes of all, but no one said anything to him.

When the little ferryboat came in, the sentry, attired in his uniform, was among the first to get aboard. On his way through the cabin he passed the guard, also a member of one of the new companies, without being molested. During the trip to the Battery he leaned over the rail on the forward deck, gazing without apparent concern at the water, when suddenly he became whistling "Good-by, My Blue Bell."

None of the soldiers at the landing recognized him, and passing out the gate, he was soon lost in the crowd near South Ferry.

The queer figure hadn't been gone long from Governors Island before the absence of the "trustee" was noted by the sergeant in charge of the Castle Williams guard. An alarm was sounded and the island was scoured for the missing prisoner. Knowing that he had the key to Capt. Horton's house, those premises were searched because it was believed that possibly he had hidden himself there. No one who knew him gave him credit for nerve enough to attempt an escape.

Only a few days from the island in a boat. They were seen by a sentry and ordered to put back. Not obeying, the sentry raised his gun and shot one of the men in the jaw. This made a strong impression on the other prisoners and no more attempts to escape had been made.

But in Capt. Horton's bedroom the searching party found evidence of the recent visit of the "trustee." Drawers were pulled out and wearing apparel was strewn about in confusion. Why the man didn't take the trousers that went with the tuxedo coat or why he selected a red tie instead of a black one will never be known unless Reese is recaptured. Apparently he had taken his time about dressing and had made a pretty thorough examination of the contents of the room. Nothing was missing, however, except the tuxedo coat. His prison suit was found on the floor.

The military authorities notified the police of Reese's escape, but they don't seem to have much hope of ever getting him back. They think he has pawned away Horton's clothes and bought others with the money.

BROOKLYN GIRL A BARONESS.

Miss Pfizer Becomes the Wife of Baron Von Eicht at Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 5.—Linden Gate, the Newport home of the late Henry Marquand, the villa noted for its rare tapestries and handsome and costly paintings, was the scene to-day of an international wedding, when Miss Alice Marguerite Henrietta Pfizer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pfizer of Brooklyn, became the bride of Baron Reinhard Clemens Bachoven von Eicht. The guests numbered about one hundred. Following the ceremony there was a wedding breakfast and late in the afternoon Baron and Baroness von Eicht left on their wedding tour.

In the matter of attendants the wedding was one of the largest ever seen in Newport, there being thirteen attendants on the bride, besides the best man and five bridesmaids. The ceremony took place at 12:30 P. M. in the drawing room of the villa. The Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, assistant rector of Trinity Church, officiated and during the ceremony there was music by an orchestra.

The first bridesmaid was Miss Florence R. Fowler, the others being the misses Marie Knudsen, Olga Knudsen, Beula Munson, Helen Parker, Sophie Zollinoher, Tillie Rose, Marie Casamajor, Louise Munson, May Matthews, Alice Casamajor and Miss Johnson. The maid of honor was Miss Anna Marie Harrison, an old classmate of the bride at Adelphi College. The best man was Lawrence L. T. Driggs and the ushers R. Aubrey Barker, Jesse Watson, George J. Pierson, Emil Pfizer and Arthur A. Jones.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Facing one of the new East Side squares is the first office building put up in accordance with the Ghetto's idea of commercial architecture. Its facade is composed principally of plate glass, although the ornate iron structure is painted pale green and balconies of Moorish design decorated with silver appear at every one of the seven stories. This twisted column is painted in gold, silver and pale green extend as high as the second floor of the house. These gay tints would make the building striking enough without the gilt letters that blaze on all the glass windows on every floor. A sudden sight of the edifice is dazzling to one accustomed to the comparatively sober style of our skyscrapers.

The benevolent attempt to give some poor children a country outing for several days ended last week prematurely, but to the great relief of its promoters. There is no reason to believe that children who might in the future might have enjoyed its benefits would regret the fact.

"I had an unoccupied house on my grounds," said the discouraged philanthropist, "and thought some children from my mission Sunday school might enjoy a stay in the country. So a teacher was installed, and the parties of little girls arrived. They enjoyed the first day, the games, the rides and the ice cream at dinner. But as night came on they began to get bored. By ten time they were bored to death, and many of them said frankly on the second day that they would like to go home. It was all right in the daytime, but there were no hand organs at night, no dancing on the sidewalk nor any of the city pleasures they liked better than story telling or looking at picture books. So in fact of having future invitations declined in advance, we gave up the outing idea."

"Talk about police graft is unfounded in nine cases out of ten when it refers to the rank and file of the force," said a captain at Headquarters last night. "But there is sometimes a disposition on the part of the men to feel that they ought to get for nothing what others have to pay for. Yet I cannot believe a story that drifted down here the other day from Harlem. I am told there was a cop who had a rubber pocket in his coat ample enough to hold a beef stew, a clam chowder or any other dish that the restaurant keeps on his beat may have to pay for. He is supposed to believe that he has this pocket and fills it every day before he goes home in time for his wife to warm up this useful contribution."

Said Ike to Mickey yesterday: "Didn't you wish we was old enough to work, so we might get to go to-day for a holiday?"

"Yes, and so," scolded Mickey.

"I'm goin' to be a walkin' delegate. Dey has to work hard Labor Day, leadin' the parade. But dat ain't no bad, 'cause all the rest of the time is holidays."

The woman was about half way through her personal history when the Magistrate exclaimed:

"How can I answer you, Judge, if you won't let me talk and the Magistrate couldn't say anything very far from the truth, so he bowed his head and submitted to more autobiography."

SACRED SCROLLS MOVED.

Carried in Procession Through Denzely Crowded Streets of the Ghetto.

The congregation of Adath Jeshurun of Jersey opened their new synagogue, at 88 Rivington street, yesterday afternoon. The moving of the scrolls, which the Jewish religion is founded, from the old synagogue in Hester street was made the occasion of an elaborate parade. It was said yesterday that this was the first ceremony of the kind ever held in the city.

The parade started from the old synagogue and proceeded through the streets of the ghetto to the new building in Rivington street. Three policemen, commanded by Inspector Schmittberger, guarded the line of march. The scrolls were carried in each carriage. They were wrapped around richly carved poles of wood and were covered with embroidered velvet.

Behind the scroll bearers rode the ladies' aid society and behind them the ladies of the congregation. Six of the scrolls were suspended, and everybody, young and old, crowded the streets through which the procession was to pass. The police had their hands full in clearing a way for the marching column.

The new synagogue was covered with flags and bunting and Chinese lanterns. The procession filed into the building and reverently watched the scroll bearers place their burdens in position. Many synagogues send delegations and there were many rabbis present from out of town.

STABBED AT A BALL GAME.

Dr. Hall Interferes With Biting at Oyster Bay and Gets His Leg Cut.

OYSTER BAY, Sept. 5.—The Oyster Bay baseball team played the Stamford nine here this afternoon in ex-Assemblyman Sol Townsend's apple orchard, and in the seventh inning there was a general fight in which several women were knocked down, some hard blows struck and one woman, Jane H. Hall, cut in the leg slightly by a knife.

The row started when Constable Jim McQuadrone, a player on the side line, and a woman, Jane H. Hall, who was one of the women who were sent to the ground, were attempting to separate the combatants and restore order. Dr. Hall had been on the side line and had a knife in his hand when the row started. He was attempting to separate the combatants and restore order. Dr. Hall had been on the side line and had a knife in his hand when the row started. He was attempting to separate the combatants and restore order.

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A strong case presented the piece. Some of the members were Frank Deshon, Georgia Campbell, Donald Archer and other comic opera performers of reputation outside of New York. The scenic equipment is elaborate and the chorus appeared in new dresses.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE REOPENS.

Large Audiences There Welcome Leonie Harmon in "The Little Princess."

The Harlem Opera House reopened for the season yesterday with a special Labor Day matinee, at which Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's comedy "The Little Princess" was presented. Sara Creer, the part in which little James had so great a triumph, was acceptably played by Leonie Harmon, who appeared in the last night of the theatre last winter. Both at the matinee and at last night's performance the theatre was crowded.

"The Little Princess" will be followed at the Harlem Opera House next week by "The Prince of Pilsen."

Hammerstein began his vaudeville season in the Victoria Theatre last night with a bill which received a large audience. Some of the performers were Henry Lee, the impersonator, who let Mr. Hammerstein's patrons see how President Roosevelt and Judge Parker look and act. Miss Margella, with her long, ringing hair, and Paul Spadoni, the cannon ball juggler, who now permits an automobile to run over his body.

JOHN DREW IN A GOOD PART.

"THE DUKE OF KILIRANKIE" IS A SUCCESS.

Robert Marshall's Farce Comedy Produced at the Empire Theatre and Loudly Applauded—Good Wit and Especially Clever Dialogue in the Play.

John Drew reappeared at the Empire Theatre last night, acting in Robert Marshall's farce comedy, entitled "The Duke of Kilirankie." The play was seen for the first time in this city and it achieved an instantaneous and satisfying success. The audience applauded loudly and long after the delightful second act and did its best to call the principal actor to the footlights to make one of those first night speeches which mean so little. Mr. Drew had the good taste to defer his personal remarks till the end of the play, when he addressed his friends, in a few well chosen words of thanks.

The applause at the conclusion of the performance was enthusiastic and showed that the audience was untired and still had an appetite for the light and cheering humor of the entertainment. Throughout the course of the farce there was a spirited dialogue was caught to the wit and understanding. It was a comfort to some who have recently been forced to listen to the guffaws with which the ineane chatter of so-called comic operas is received to find that there is yet a public in New York with a taste for real wit and polite humor.

Mr. Marshall's play is a trifle light as air, but quite as fresh and vivacious as a northwest wind on a sultry day of thundershowers. The story is by no means probable, but why should farce be so? While the thing is in course of representation before the audience it carries something of verisimilitude with it. It has a delicate, satirical atmosphere of delusion and some approaches to the realism of the adoring sex, and it discloses some weakness of the adoring pursuers of that sex.

"The Duke of Kilirankie" loves a lovely girl, who will have none of him. She refuses him time and again. At last, taunted by her with his lack of daring, he plans a desperate method of bringing her to terms. He decoys her to one of his Scotch castles, together with a chaplain and the chaplain's adorer, and there he holds her as a prisoner. The terms of release are consent to marriage with him. Of course she is at first induced to appear to consent, but he sees through that pretext and knows how to meet it.

Then in the end she really learns to love him, and when he turns out to be a castle, she is free, she refuses to go. It does not seem to promise much, but it is all told with such a pretty manner, with such a charming flow of dialogue, with such a pointed and keen wit as that of "Lady Windermere's Fan" with such a touch of situation and such admirable sketching of character, that she is not likely to be bored. The play is a real treat for the audience of numskulls indeed.

The play is almost entirely in the hands of four actors, who are the Duke, Mr. Wally, the adorer of the chapter; Mrs. Mulholland, the chapter, and Lady Henrietta Addison. The few other parts are so excellently played that the importance of the four leading parts were in complete hands. Mr. Drew in the Duke of Kilirankie has a most congenial role.

It brings out in high relief all his polish of style, his easy assumption of the manner of a life, his delicate touch in costume, and his certain yet not overdone expression of sentiment. His personal triumph was the most cheering feature of the night. He is a real actor, and his success is so far from another. Then she stuck up her nose and remarked that she didn't think it was anybody's business.

Fanny Brough said she was in the parade of the Gutterburg firemen. The boys passed through the Haven perspiring from every pore. They had a blowout at the Haven Company's quarters, and there some of the more thirsty ones adjourned to the Haven bar. The Duke of Kilirankie, who was a real actor, and his success is so far from another. Then she stuck up her nose and remarked that she didn't think it was anybody's business.

A number of young men were sitting on a water trough in front of a saloon on Bergenline avenue discussing the situation. The Duke of Kilirankie, who was a real actor, and his success is so far from another. Then she stuck up her nose and remarked that she didn't think it was anybody's business.

"Do you want a widow?" they asked. The Duke of Kilirankie, who was a real actor, and his success is so far from another. Then she stuck up her nose and remarked that she didn't think it was anybody's business.

The reporter fled only to run across three women and an old man sitting on the steps of the saloon. The Duke of Kilirankie, who was a real actor, and his success is so far from another. Then she stuck up her nose and remarked that she didn't think it was anybody's business.

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JERSEY'S COLONY OF WIDOWS.

EIGHTEEN OF THEM LIVE IN TWO BLOCKS AT GUTTENBURG.

Still Mourning for the Departed, but Ready and Willing to Welcome Husband No. 2—Inquisitive Reporter Escapes With His Affections Still Unclaimed.

"Oh, it is not to laugh; it is to cry," said Frau Schmetteling, a widow of Guttenburg, N. J. She is one of eighteen widows living on Bergenline avenue, between Herman and Hudson avenues, a space of only two blocks.

"It is sad," added Frau Schmetteling, who is in the prime of her name, which in German signifies butterfly, is fully as broad as she is long. "It mostly all happened since last February," she went on, "when all our husbands' they take pneumonia an' die. Now I make a business myself for a living."

Guttenburg looks upon those two hundred blocks with mingled amusement and alarm. Since last February the German widows and the men still alive have begun to flee from those two blocks.

"I set to myself, sez I," said one thirty citizen yesterday in Dailey's saloon, "d'ye want to join that retirin' husbands' union, or don't ye? Naw, sez I, an' you bet I don't live on Bergenline avenue no more."

The widows have been widows such a short time that they have not yet begun looking for new husbands. "But I will do no harm to tell you," said one of them.

"That most of us is still in the ring," said one of the widows range all the way from 22 to 80. Some of them possess considerable property. One owns three houses, and many own and conduct stores of various kinds left them by their husbands. Three of the eighteen live in one house.

The colony is known now as the Widow's Haven. It includes widows who bear names which are distinctly German, Irish, American and Armenian. The Germans are largely in the majority. At least half a dozen of the widows are on the sunny side of thirty and all of them, according to street appearances, are in the prime of life.

"We are very proud of our bunch of widows," one Guttenburger said. "I don't think I can get the counting fever. We have all had it for the last two or three days. If you see a man going down the street looking about him and checking up his fingers you can just bet he's counting up the widows. Some say there's nineteen or twenty in the bunch. I guess you're more than eighteen. I guess you can safely put that down as correct. Three moved in during the last month and are as ready to get a new husband as a new coat. Some of the widows own their own homes, but the majority of them pay rent. One runs a feed store and another keeps a saloon. They are all good neighbors."

"I have no idea why so many of 'em settled in the Haven. I guess it just happened so."

One woman, who said she was a widow and glad of it, glared at a reporter when he asked why she had not married again. "I have no more to say," she said, and she was a widow.

"It is any wonder that Long Pat McCareen and 'Curse David' Hill were next in line to get a new husband? They were both widows. A brother asked Pat Patrick if he should marry a girl as pretty as a picture. 'Aye,' quoth he, of Brooklyn, 'if she has a beautiful frame.'"

The house fell before the curtain could be drawn, and the ladies of the house, who were many, were always charming. The house was a real treat for the audience of numskulls indeed.

But jokes were only incidental in the Rogers brothers' entertainment. Dancing, a vaudeville charm, pretty girls were multiplied charms, and costumes and coloring were bewildering. Together the girls, their dancing and the effluence of their parti-colored costumes, made a veritable and an iridescent dream, from the spell of which the big first night's audience awoke from time to time to make the theatre resound with hearty applause.

The scenes of the brothers and their companions' wanderings and beguillings ranged from the Ball Bouillie and the Galleries Gardens to an animal arena at the St. Louis exposition.

Odell sees "The Spellbinder," in which a wicked politician is outwitted by a virtuous lawyer.

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The play was enthusiastically received by a large audience. If the Governor was present, he saw a wicked politician leader of a New York Senatorial district properly outwitted by a virtuous and oratorical lawyer who was in love with the same girl. The wicked lawyer made a very good supposed to be indigenous to New York in the play, and everybody recognized an upstart. It is a play of the day, and the Governor is a senatorial figure in the district, or in Newburg.

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THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN PARIS

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NEW YORK THEATRE

DENHAM THOMPSON

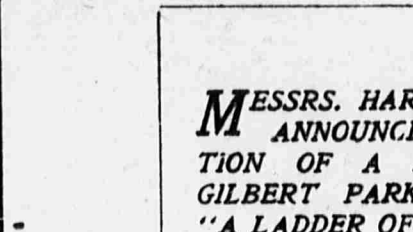
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PUBLICATIONS.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS ANNOUNCE THE PUBLICATION OF A NEW NOVEL BY GILBERT PARKER ENTITLED "A LADDER OF SWORDS."



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